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IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES REDINGTON MUDGE

LIEUT.-COL. SECOND MASS. INFANTRY

BORN IN NEW YORK CITY OCTOBER 22D, 1839

KILLED AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3D, 1863

Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori



CAMBRIDGE

PRIVATELY PRINTED

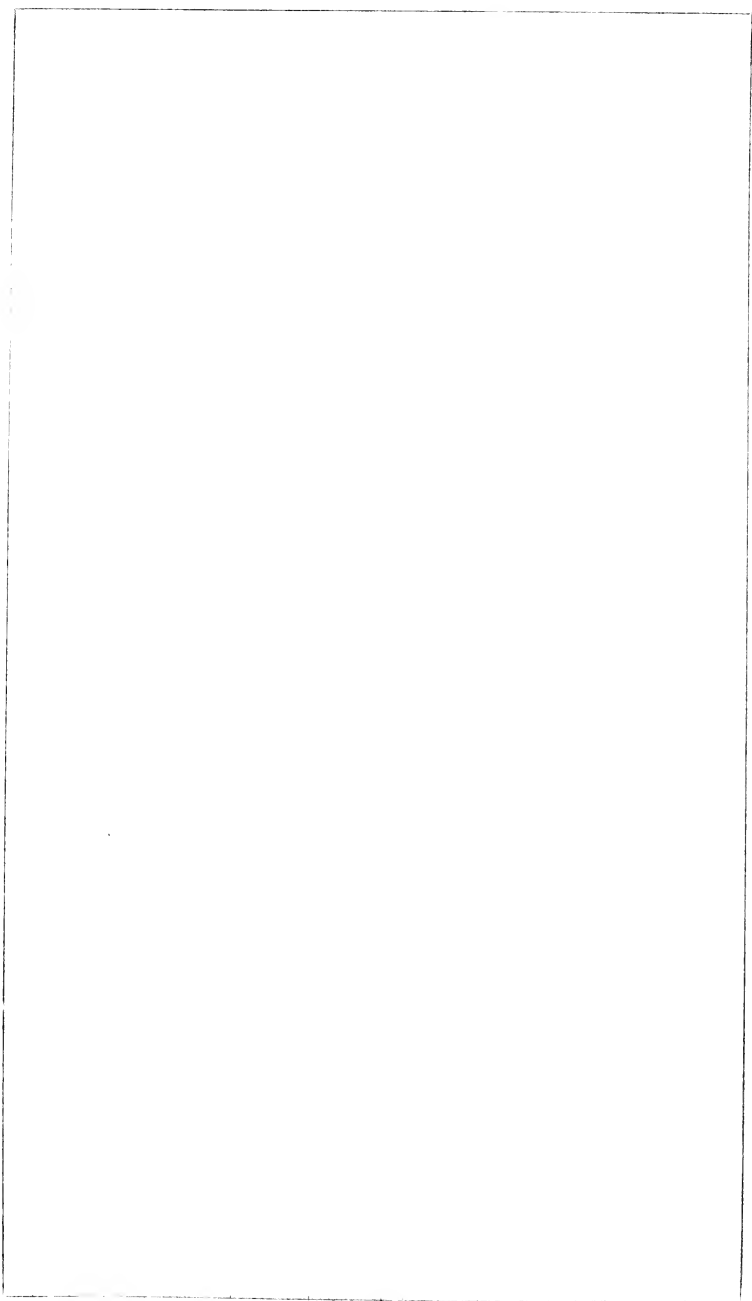
1863

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THE following beautiful tributes to the memory of the departed Christian Hero — spoken and written by those who knew and loved him — it seems but right should be preserved ; and they have been collected, with some few of his many letters, in the hope that the bright example of his life and death, as a Soldier of Christ and of his country, may be the means of working good among those who knew him, and those who may first hear of him through these pages.

SWAMPSCOTT, *Oct.* 1863.



REMARKS

MADE BY DR. HUNTINGTON AT COL. MUDGE'S
FUNERAL, AT EMMANUEL CHURCH,
BOSTON, JULY 14TH, 1863.

A LITTLE less than three months ago, foremost among a company of Christian disciples coming forward to this place in this church to consecrate themselves to the service of their Saviour, clad in the military dress of the service of his country, with the firm step and resolute look of a soldier, appeared the form which now lies asleep before us. The vow which our friend and brother then renewed and confirmed, made him Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. So soon that end has come. We thank God that he has fulfilled that vow. Consistently he has finished his course. He has kept the faith, and in the time of terrible trial, according to the blessed covenant and promise, the faith kept him. At the outbreak of the great national convulsion, this young man was one of the first to give himself to the defence of the government, the order, and the liberties of his country. He did it without reserve. He did it counting the cost. The result, so glorious on his part, and so sorrowful on ours, proves that he acted not from the fervor of a transient impulse, not from the fancy or excitement of a novel undertaking,

but from the principle of profound patriotism, and with a clear conviction of the vast issues comprehended in the war. Seeing that the manly and practical way is to begin with the duty lying nearest at hand, he recruited a company of men in the immediate neighborhood of his father's country residence and led them to the field. Through a remarkable succession of exhausting campaigns and bloody battles, he bore himself with indomitable courage, and with that generous patience which is only a more enduring kind of courage. Promoted for his valor and kindred soldierly qualities, he rose rapidly from one grade of honor to another, faithfully discharging the responsibilities and meeting the perils of every post. Always considerate and kind to the men placed under his command, he knew how to blend sympathy with authority, and tenderness with dignity. Wounded or in his full health, weak or strong, in the army and at home, as a vigilant and skilful officer, as a truly filial son, as an affectionate and thoughtful brother, as a genial companion and constant friend, he honorably kept both branches of the great twofold commandment of that Divine Leader to whom he was pledged. Henry Havelock, the eminent Christian commander in the East, said once, that it cost him a harder struggle to be laughed at for his religion, and to be derisively called "a saint" in the officers' mess at Fort William, than to fight all the three terrific battles which won the favor of his Queen and

set the badge of knighthood on his breast. This youthful officer, Colonel Mudge, we are told, during the illness of the Chaplain of his regiment, in the eyes not only of the rest of his fellow-soldiers, but of young men amongst them who had been the fellows of his lighter hours when they were students together, had the fortitude to stand out on a Sunday morning and offer publicly the prayers and praises of our Service to Almighty God the Lord of Hosts. For this, unto that Lord alone, let us give humble and hearty thanks. We know that he gave such devout thanks himself, for the faith that supported him, sitting in his saddle, in the fury of the fight. Thus foremost among those who consecrated themselves to Christ with him before this altar, and foremost among those who gave themselves to the imperilled nation, it was meet and right he should fall, as he did fall, in the fore-front of the battle. Hitherto we have thought of him as among those here on earth, in the host militant, whose faith "waxed valiant in fight and quenched the violence of the fire." Henceforth we are to think of him as in the nobler army, the more glorious company, the goodlier fellowship in brighter array :

"Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand."

“IN midst of the public jubilee over the news of such manifold victories in the East and in the West, when the bells are pealing and the salvoes of artillery are giving their loud expression to the glorious joy of the nation, perhaps the general ear is less attentive to catch the sounds of private mourning. But our mighty success has not been achieved without a terrible price. And on the list of the killed, among those whose high rank and well-known names at once attracted universal attention, great was the sorrow of many to read the name and title of the gallant and generous CHARLES REDINGTON MUDGE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Regiment. To have ever belonged, in what position soever, to this illustrious regiment, is no small honor for any man: to have been its Lieutenant-Colonel, is to have attained a distinction which may rank with the proudest won in this war. Two years ago, at the very outset, when the soldier's life was an untried mystery, all the more terrible perhaps for the unknown and unfamiliar nature of its hardships and its dangers, the organization of the Second Regiment was begun in Eastern Massachusetts. The sons of the first gentlemen of New England generously vied with each other in seeking commissions therein. Among the foremost was Colonel

Mudge. He left with the regiment, the captain of a company, and he stood by the corps of his first choice through better and worse, through battles and hardships, which, at the last, had left by his side scarce one of those gallant brother-officers who had gone forth with him at the beginning, until the fatal day of last week. What this is saying every one knows; for in Massachusetts, at least, the record of the regiment is familiar to all. From the first, it was often spoken of as the model regiment in the army for its admirable drill; and so tenaciously has it preserved its early distinction, that, in its last battle, when half its number of privates and eleven of its officers had fallen, it manœuvred still, under the severest fire, with 'every man in his place,' — a proud deed! When, with such self-devotion and in such disciplined order, they covered the rear of General Banks's retreat, Colonel Mudge was with them in their dangerous path; and at Winchester he received his first wound and spilled his first blood in patriotic service. Of his soldierly qualities there is no danger that we may speak too much praise. He went into the service with his whole soul; and well do we remember seeing him, during the very first days at the camp of the Second at Brook Farm, sleeping on the bare ground, to prepare himself for the life which lay ahead, long before such thoughts had entered the heads of others. And the officers of his regiment, many of them

personal friends of the writer, have never failed to express their opinion of his military qualities and abilities in the highest terms. But brilliant as these were, he should not be spoken of only as a soldier, for other traits in his character must be remembered with warmest affection by the many young men, his contemporaries, who were glad to count themselves his friends. He graduated at Cambridge with the class of 1860; and many a distant classmate, hearing of his death, will think kindly and sadly of the most amiable heart and the most cheerful spirit that perhaps he met in his college course. His universal popularity was something quite remarkable and exceptional, for he was a favorite in every clique and in the most different sets. This honorable fact was no accidental selection of boyish fancy, but was the natural tribute to marked and fascinating traits of character — to the sympathizing kindness and the warm-hearted cheerfulness for which he was so envia- bly notorious. Every one felt himself a friend to ‘Charley Mudge,’ and that he was a friend in return. Every one was his friend in need, and no one would have hesitated a moment to have frankly asked his services, with the certainty of a kind reception.

“Since its first meeting, seven long years ago, the class has mourned no greater loss, though its sacrifices to its country have been from among its best. But in the peculiar high-toned sorrow

which is felt for a noble death in a generous cause, it may yet be one element of some consolation that the life was not sadly lost in unsuccessful conflict, disaster, or retreat. It was part of the price which was wonderfully blessed in buying a mighty reward. To himself, at least, the soldier's death comes ever more happily when it comes in the midst of advance and of glorious victory; and the dying hero and the friends who mourn him know with pleasure that the sacrifice has attained that for which the noble-minded one was so proudly content to offer it.

“A CLASSMATE.”

"A SPECIAL despatch was received in this city yesterday, giving the list of the severe casualties in the Massachusetts Second, in the battle of Friday. This list reported the sad story of eight line officers dangerously, and one slightly, wounded, and the regiment, which was before much reduced in numbers, had lost twenty killed, one hundred and eight wounded, and sixteen missing. It brought, also, the melancholy intelligence of the death of the gallant and beloved young commander of the corps in the fight.

"Lieutenant-Colonel MUDGE was the son of E. R. MUDGE, the well-known merchant of this city. He graduated at Harvard College in the Class of 1860. He was commissioned Captain in the Second Massachusetts at the time of its formation, and rose, by regular promotion, to the responsible rank and position he held at the time of his death. Affectionate, sympathetic, generous and cheerful in his disposition, a gentleman in his deportment, and one of the pleasantest of companions, Colonel Mudge made friends of all his acquaintances. He proved himself a thorough soldier, winning the respect of his brother-officers, and the confidence and favor of the rank and file. He was brave, active, and faithful in the discharge of his duty, giving himself, with a noble devotion, to the cause of his

country, and ever mindful of the interests and welfare of his regiment. He has fallen, and his remains will fill an early grave. But his name is added to the catalogue, already long, of heroes, whose first days of ardent, hopeful manhood have all been given to their country, and who have closed short but memorable careers, in her service. The domestic bereavement is sad and irreparable; but the agony of private grief must be assuaged by the proud thought, that he, who but yesterday was a boy, now ranks high among the bravest patriots of the land, and that with them he will be canonized in the unforgetful memory of the community, and have a bright place on the pages of the history of this struggle to save a nation's life.

“BOSTON, *July 6th*, 1863.”

“AT a meeting of the Class of 1860 of Harvard College, held in Boston, July 8th, 1863, the following Resolutions were passed : —

“*Resolved*, That we have heard with the deepest regret the loss of another brave classmate, in the death of Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES REDINGTON MUDGE, of the Second Massachusetts, who fell at the head of his regiment in the Battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.

“*Resolved*, That we are thankful for the bright reward which his patriotic self-devotion, his unflinching bravery, his calm self-control, and his kind and ever watchful regard for his men, must write in the hearts of all who knew him.

“*Resolved*, That we are thankful that he died as bravely as he lived ; that under a kind Providence, it was not in defeat, but in glorious victory ; and that we can ever remember him as a precious but willing sacrifice for the safety of our country.

“*Resolved*, That we express to the family of the departed our heartfelt sympathy, and our hope that the consciousness of suffering in a noble and holy cause may sustain them in this hour of their bereavement.”

“ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD
COLLEGE.—NECROLOGY OF THE PAST YEAR.

“1863. Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES REDINGTON MUDGE was killed in the battle of Gettysburg 3d July, 1863, aged 23 years. He was the son of Enoch Redington and Caroline A. [Patten] Mudge, and was born in New York City 22d October, 1839. He was fitted for college at the private school of Thomas Gamaliel Bradford [H. U. 1822] in Boston. With the exception of a few months passed in preparing to enter business with his father, he was in the service of his country—having joined the 2d Mass. Infantry—the first three years’ regiment raised for the war. He went into the service with his whole soul. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant, was promoted to be Captain July 8th, 1861, and was subsequently made Lieutenant-Colonel. While encamped at Brook Farm he slept on the bare ground to prepare himself for the life which he was to lead. His regiment was spoken of as a model for its admirable drill. When they covered the rear of General Banks’ retreat, Colonel Mudge was with them in their dangerous path; and in the battle of Winchester, May 25th, 1862, received his first wound. The officers of his regiment never failed to express their opinion of his military qualities and abilities

in the highest terms. But there are other traits in his character which will be remembered with the warmest affection by his young contemporaries. In his college course his popularity was universal, and he was a favorite in every clique, and in the most different sets. Every one was his friend in need, and no one would have hesitated a moment to have asked his services with the certainty of a kind reception."

EXTRACTS

FROM SOME FEW OF COLONEL MUDGE'S LETTERS.

CAMP ANDREW, *June 1st, 1861.*

DEAREST MOTHER, — I am writing this at five o'clock in the morning in my shirt-sleeves, just having arisen from my blanket. I sleep on the ground now, and find it much more comfortable. I do not believe any one is blessed with such a mother as I have, — in fact I am sure of it, and also of another thing, that I shall never be able to repay the untiring attentions received in one week from you, dearest mother, and yet I have lived one thousand one hundred and twenty-four weeks, receiving this blessed care all the time, without doing anything in return, and so it is in regard to every one in the family. Good-bye.

From your at least affectionate

CHARLIE.

HARPER'S FERRY, *July 24th, 1861.*

DEAR FANNY, — Since my last letter there has been quite a battle at Bull's Run; — we were not there. In this town the people are "Union," and their reception of us was truly gratifying, and entirely different from any other section. Our regiment alone is guarding the town. We are on guard every other day, (and even oftener,) as we only have nine companies, — Company I. being away about twenty miles, and at present reported captured, — though it is not yet credited by us. Much love to all. Our continual cry here is

“Let us at them.” Just give us a chance. Kiss every dear one for me, and pray often for

BROTHER CHARLIE.

NEAR DARNESTOWN, *Sept. 12th, 1861.*

DEAR FANNY,—I received your welcome and surprisingly long letter, numbered ninth, last evening, and managed to read it with great delight in spite of a furious rain-storm. My tent kept up, and having a small ditch alongside, the bed, or I should say blanket, remained dry. I could not sleep—the beating storm, and the nervous feeling that the tent would blow away every moment, or, still worse, that an order to march in the night would come. The rations I had on hand for the haversacks having spoilt, as soon as the rain stopped the cooking operations kept me wide awake. Tom Robeson has been detached on signal-service, and his party went to Washington this morning. I do not like to lose him. It has cleared off beautifully, and is very pleasant to-day after the storm,—the weather generally at this place is delightful. Our camp is like a spot of snow. Our men are very soldierlike in appearance, being neat, and having their equipments and arms in good order, and are always taken for “regulars” by the “regulars” themselves. . . .

With much love, *au revoir*,

CHARLIE.

(JUST BEFORE WINCHESTER,)

STRASBURG, VA., *May 23rd, 1862.*

DEAR FANNY,—I will address this to you who have become my most faithful correspondent. You certainly deserve a letter of your own, and I wish I wrote oftener than I do. Some companies have been attacked a few miles from here, and some of the companies have

started off on the double quick. As I got no orders I could find no pretext to go, as I am in command of light companies on special duty. Give my love to Grandma, as well as all the family. . . . I expect Harry Russell has been lucky enough to get to the scene of action in time to have a hand in it, as his company was three miles down the railroad towards the place. Tom Robeson is with him. Bob Shaw is absent, on leave. . . .

With much love, I am as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLIE.

MANASSAS, *Sept. 1st, 1862.*

DEAR FATHER, — I am very sorry that it has been impossible to write, and I don't know when this will reach you, as I may not be able to smuggle it through, — still a slight chance has offered itself, and I have embraced the opportunity. I left my valise, sword, and the envelope containing the \$—— for the officers, at Willard's Hotel, Washington, being advised not to take anything with me, I did not want to lose. I have sent for the valise and sword by the same messenger who takes this, and directed him to give the envelope and money to Captain Bangs or Lieutenant Choate, who were both there when I came through. For the last ten days I have eaten what might pass for eleven meals. For three days our principal food was green apples and water, with occasionally a cracker. We have marched somewhere every day, generally bringing up where we started from. There has been a good deal of fighting, with various success. I don't think there has been an hour since I have been here, when I was awake, that I haven't heard firing, . . . but we are in the best of spirits under it all, in fact joking more when we expected to starve than if we were in some comfortable

place enjoying ourselves. I have had a blanket and overcoat to sleep in two nights out of ten only. Although you may not hear from me, rest assured that I am enjoying myself. . . . Kiss dear mother, Fanny, Louise, Estelle, and the little Henry for me. Keep up good courage, all of you, through thick and thin. I am happy, and feel I am going home all right, to gain many a smile and word of praise from your dear lips. God bless you. *Au revoir.*

From your affectionate son

CHARLIE.

(AFTER ANTIETAM,)

MARYLAND HEIGHTS, *Sept. 25th*, 1862.

DEAR FATHER,—I have to thank you all for letters. I have received several from Fanny and from you, two from mother, and one from Estelle, and Horatio Jarves. The recitation of my late experiences would fill a volume, but I have not time now to recount them. Our regiment went in, that is, was actually engaged, three times in the battle of Wednesday. Twice we were very fortunate, making the rebels run and not suffering ourselves, but the other time we got the worst of it, losing thirteen killed and fifty-five wounded out of less than two hundred. . . . I got a blow on the ribs from a ball which penetrated through my blouse, vest, and two shirts, and skinned my ribs, but only disabled me for a few moments. I thought I was killed when it struck me, but recovered almost immediately. The flag-staff was shot almost in two in two places, the socket shot off the sergeant's belt, and twenty new holes were put in the flag,—two corporals of the color-guard, out of the three present, were wounded, one mortally. . . . As the newspapers have exhausted all the most expressive terms in describing other engagements, there are no words left to express what Wednesday's fight was,—the whole

ground was fought over twice, each side feeling how great an issue was at stake. As Mr. B—— is waiting, I will leave to him the task of supplying the news deficient in this hurried note. Much love to all. Remember that in God's keeping I am as safe here as at home, and feel so myself.

Your affectionate son,

CHARLIE.

MARYLAND HEIGHTS, *Oct. 23rd, 1862.*

. If I was only well enough to go forward with the regiment and share its hardships, I should not feel so badly as I do now, — feeling that to-morrow it may start without me, or, at least, soon leave me on the road, if I do start with it. I would prefer to die with the regiment than to see it go never to come back whole, if at all, and be left behind to say I was not with it in its death-struggle. I never can thank you enough, dear father, for your unceasing kindness and care ; and I wish to thank my dear, thoughtful mother for the numerous tokens of her love. . .

CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, *Nov. 16th, 1862.*

. If you will just look back to that Sunday morning when you and I jumped out of our beds at the news of the capture of Fort Sumter. I fully made up my mind to fight, and when I say fight I mean win or die. I do not wish to stop the thing half way. I wish to establish the government upon a foundation of rock. McClellan is removed. This does not prevent my doing my duty faithfully, although I am cut to the heart.

FAIRFAX STATION, *Dec. 23rd, 1862.*

. There is one thing, however, we are thankful for, and that is, keeping out of the fight at Fredericks-

burg, — for, if we had been there, just as sure as there is a Second Massachusetts Regiment, said regiment would have been annihilated. It *never* turned from the enemy without orders yet, and by the help of God it never will ; — if it had been ordered to charge at Fredericksburg, it never would have come back.

STAFFORD COURT-HOUSE, *April 27th*, 1863.

DEAR FATHER, — It cleared off nicely yesterday, and so, although I wanted very much to go to church to-day in Washington, I came down and got here before dinner. It may prove fortunate that I came to-day, as we are under orders to march at daybreak. I find every one in good health and spirits. We shall march with about five hundred and forty men. I cannot thank you all sufficiently for the unvarying kindness which made my visit home the happiest two months of my life. With much love and God's blessing on all, very truly

Your affectionate son,

C.

(AFTER CHANCELLORSVILLE,)

EXTREME LEFT OF ARMY OF POTOMAC COVERING THE
UNITED STATES FORD, *May 5th*, 1863.*

DEAR FATHER, — I trust the first news you hear will be of my safety, so that you will suffer no anxiety. I have not even a bullet through my clothes. Our men behaved better than ever. Cogswell was wounded early, and I then took command, — gaining and holding ground for fifteen minutes without a cartridge, — until ordered to retire, which I did very slowly, halting and facing frequently. We took in four hundred and thirty men and twenty-two

* Not received until June 4th.

officers, and lost, as near as I can get at it at present, twenty-two men killed, ninety-eight wounded, sixteen missing ; — one officer killed, four wounded, several grazed. I think the killed is larger, as some of the wounded could not have lived long. You have no idea what comfort I have had from perfect faith in God. Tell Louise her prayer-book has been a great comfort to me ; and Fanny, her flag-staff is shot in two, and will probably go home soon. The colors are getting to look a little hard. With thankful praises to God for all His mercies, and His blessing on you all, I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate

C.

I am thinking of you all, father, mother, Fanny, Louise, Estelle, and Henry. Give my love to Grandmother. . . .

HEAD QUARTERS SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY,

May 29th, 1863.

DEAR FATHER, — I have been waiting patiently for you to acknowledge the receipt of my letter of May 5th, written in pencil while we were in the trenches, as it is quite long, and gives a better account of affairs at that time than I can now. I have been doing double duty for some time : sitting on a general court martial, and in command of the regiment, too ; and have had more work than I wanted, because it is impossible to do two things at once, at least properly. I have received, I think, all your letters, and all Fanny's, I know, and mother's and those of the children. Louise's are not very hard to count, but they are very sweet when they do come. I hope I shall be spared to see home again, if only to guide Henry through trials which he will have to meet. You ask me what my feeling was during the fight at Chancellorsville. Well, it

was just what it should be. I was so astonished at my own coolness and courage that I could not help thanking and praising God for it in a loud voice while I sat there on my horse. I had prayed for it, to be sure ; but I never believed a man could feel so joyous, and such a total absence of fear, as I had there. I enjoyed it as much as a game or a race, until we were withdrawn, and from that time until we were safely over the river, I, as well as every one else, suffered the most terrible anxiety you can imagine. Yet I had courage enough, by God's help, to bear it all coolly.

EXTRACTS

FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM FRIENDS AFTER
THE DEATH OF COLONEL MUDGE.ROXBURY, *July 6th*, 1863.

. Having next week left, before joining General Sedlie, in New York, I am entirely to be commanded by you, if I can be intrusted to go on, and with all the friendly love I had for your noble son, carefully and reverently bring home his loved body. I do not know but what many others may be found who could perform the duty better, but I assure you none could carry to the mournful duty a higher appreciation of his many virtues, and the noble sacrifice he has made.

To know that he died doing his duty, not only to his country but to his God ! To think that he died reconciled to God through Christ, in communion with his church, resting upon His promises ! In the darkness what a light this must be, — this assurance that of him it may be said, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.” Surely, if the bitterness of death may be mitigated, it is here. A soldier only from motives of patriotism, ready at his country’s call, faithful to her need, and a soldier of the Cross, lays down his life, nobly, trustingly, and around his brow is wound not only the laurel of fame and victory, but the unfading crown of righteousness.

SALEM, *July 7th*, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have been waiting to have the report of your severe bereavement unconfirmed, — but alas ! I fear it is too true.

The loss of your son to the regiment, the sadness it will occasion to both officers and men, will only be equalled by that of the lamented Dwight. Loved, honored, and respected by all, his name, his bravery, his devotion to his country, his willingness to give his life for her sake, his noble, manly, and generous impulses, will ever be bright and green in our memories who knew him but to love him. My deepest and most heartfelt sympathies are with your family in this hour of lamentation and grief, as are those of the regiment he loved so well.

I am, with the greatest respect,

W. COGSWELL,

Col. 2d Mass. Infantry.

WARRENTON JUNCTION, *July 29th, 1863.*

. It was very kind in you, Sir, to remember my grief in your own great sorrow. I was with your son constantly. My position, as well as my respect and love for him, keeping me constantly by his side. I esteemed it a great privilege to be the first friend to receive his remains, and, with Colonel Morse, to perform those last offices which none but a friendly hand should undertake. Of his gallantry I need not speak, — it will be a household word with every survivor of the regiment. My brother and Charley were classmates, and I hold it the sacred duty of my life to fight for the flag they died for, and to see that the cause for which they suffered is in the end triumphant over all its enemies

I hope that God may comfort and bless you and yours, even as I pray He may comfort my poor father and mother, and all who were friends of the loved and lost.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. FOX,

Adjutant 2d Mass. Infantry.

EXTRACT FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL GORDON'S LETTER.
WARRENTON JUNCTION, *July 31st, 1863.*

. Associated with me in the very beginning of the history of my heroic regiment, there has never been a time that your son has been aught but the faithful, energetic officer, filled with a consciousness of duty and forgetful of self in its discharge. At the head of the regiment he for the time commanded, he has added, in his example and leadership, another bright page to its history.

CAMBRIDGE, *August 25th, 1863.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I was unwilling at first to intrude upon your grief at poor Charley's death, but I think you may not now be averse to receiving a few words of sincere sympathy from one who has been associated with him in an intimate manner at school, at college, and in the field for nine years, and found him always a most disinterested and warm-hearted friend. In college, although not in what may be called the innermost circle of his particular associates, we were on terms of cordial and intimate friendship. I suppose that you are aware of the sort of universal affection, so well described in the obituary in the "Daily Advertiser," which the whole class felt for him for his manly pluck, — the same which afterwards distinguished him in the field, — his great social powers, his genial laugh, his unfailing sympathy, and which was given to hardly any other member of it. In this feeling there was no one who joined more sincerely than myself.

Again : when I joined the Second Regiment, just after the terrible slaughter of Cedar Mountain, there was no one among my senior officers who welcomed me more cordially, or treated me with more constant kindness, than

Charley. The class of '60, and the regiment, feel that they have lost one of their most valued and beloved members. But they, as yourself, feel that he could meet with no nobler end than to fall in the arms of victory, at the head of his own loved and glorious Second.

With the most heartfelt sympathy, in this great and irreparable loss, for you and for his mother and sisters,

I am, very sincerely, yours,

CHARLES J. MILLS,

Lieut. 2d Mass. Infantry.

NEWBURN, *July 14th, 1863.*

DEAR MR. AND MRS. MUDGE, — Permit me to offer the sympathy of one who dearly loved your Charlie. His generous, frank, and chivalrous nature won him so many friends, not only among his classmates, but among all who knew him, that I do not speak for myself alone, but for hundreds of others. It is hard to reconcile ourselves to the loss of so genial a man and so accomplished a soldier. Yet our grief cannot but be tempered by the extreme gallantry of his career and unsurpassable glory of his death. He will always be remembered as one of the brightest ornaments of his country, the pride of his parents, and (let us, too, claim a right to him) the boast of his class. All countries, in time of peril, claim the blood of their noblest children. Our own dear land was in sore need on that dark day at Gettysburg, and had to pay for glorious victory with a host of heroes. Yet their services are not ended, though their places in the ranks are vacant. Their examples shall live after them, and many a future hero gain renown by emulating their valor.

. Sudden death is appalling to the bravest; but very many would exchange a life of idleness and useless-

ness for the honorable fame of the Christian hero who fell at the moment of victory. How much greater the gain when that victory delivered our land from invasion, and saved our existence as a free republic.

Believe me very respectfully yours,

HORATIO D. JARVES.

LIVERPOOL, *September 1st, 1863.*

MR. MUDGE,

DEAR SIR, — I approach with hesitation and respect the mention of the name and memory of a former comrade and your own dearly loved son. I have just received a letter which tells me, — God grant it may not be true, — of the sad bereavement the Almighty has visited upon your good household. I am sad and pained to hear it. Do let me speak my sympathy and sorrow for the loss of one so dear to you and to me, bound by every tie that the most cherished friendship and closest companionship could unite. The thousand precious reminiscences that cluster around the memory of our intimacy, the kindness I have received at his hands under your own hospitable roof, our mutual regard, our mutual confidence, and our close connection during the whole of our college course, makes Charlie's departure from the midst of the living like the loss of one far nearer to me than a friend.

The time is so short since I saw him, a convalescent, preparing to embark into his adopted profession with all the ardor and generosity of his nature.

Accept my sincerest sympathy for the sad affliction and deep grief that has befallen all the members of your family, and believe me to be,

Most sincerely yours,

J. D. WEED.

[The following extract from a most touching Sermon, delivered in Maine, at the funeral of a young soldier who fell at Gettysburg, it seems most fitting should have a place in this little book.]

“Died at Gettysburg! No prouder epitaph need any man covet.

“Died at Gettysburg! Do you know what it means? It means, ‘Died to chasten the insolence which had grown inordinate through a series of successes.’ It means, ‘Died to restore courage and hope to an army saddened and despondent through long-continued disaster.’ It means, ‘Died to turn back the torrent of invasion and pillage, and wide-spread devastation.’ It means, ‘Died to still the panic fear which filled all hearts in the great cities of our land.’ It means, ‘Died, that mothers might put their children in security to their night’s rest.’ It means, ‘Died, that insurrection and riot, theft and robbery, conflagration and red-handed murder might not rage at will, — not in New York and Boston alone, but in every city, every town, every village in the land.’ It means, ‘Died, that you might assemble in this house without fear that your homes will be plundered and burned in your absence — that you yourselves might fall by the shot or stab of the assassin.’

“For all that was experienced in New York is but a small sample of what must, in all probability, have been experienced throughout the North, had the men who died at Gettysburg faltered when desperately assaulted by a proud, out-numbering foe.

“Died at Gettysburg! It means ‘Died that the best

government on which the sun ever shone might not be bound and powerless, calling in vain for the succor which would not come, — as our government, in all seeming, would have been, had not God, in his mercy, interposed for us, saving us, by those who, at Gettysburg, opposed their breasts as the bulwarks of our defence, against the enemy, who thought to tread us into the dust !

“Died at Gettysburg ! It means ‘Died for the land’s salvation ; died for the opening of the prison-doors to them that are unjustly bound ; died to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to the oppressed nations of the earth ; died that men might still hope and struggle upward to life and liberty, civil and religious ; died that a field for missionary enterprise might be opened in our land, more wide-spread and more important than any of which we have yet taken possession ; died, that Christians might not, broken-hearted, retire from the effort for the world’s conversion ; died, that God’s kingdom might come, that his will might be done, on earth as it is done in heaven.

“*That* is what it means — Died at *Gettysburg* !”

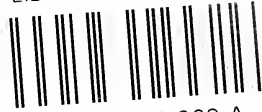
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